

MAGAZINE FEATURES

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE CORNCOBS.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Where are you going, Uncle Wiggly?" asked Nurse Jane Fussy Wussy of the rabbit gentleman one day, as she saw him hop down off the steps of his red-and-white-and-blue-striped bungalow.

"What's that?" I've made a mistake? Oh, so I have. I beg your pardon. I mean his hollow stump bungalow. But, anyhow, Nurse Jane asked Uncle Wiggly where he was going, and the rabbit gentleman, leaning on his red-and-white-and-blue-striped bungalow, grunted and said:

"I am going over and help Grandfather Goosey gather his corn. He planted a fine field of corn. The sun warmed it, the rain wet it, and many yellow ears grew up. Now it is time to husk the corn, shell the yellow kernels off the cob and put them away for winter."

"Put away for the winter?" asked Nurse Jane. "The corn or the cobs?"

"The corn, of course," answered Uncle Wiggly. "The cobs are of no use. So I'm going over to help Grandfather Goosey shell his yellow corn off the cobs."

Away hopped the bunny rabbit gentleman, over the hills, through the woods and across the fields until he came to Grandfather Goosey's pen house.

"You are just in time, Uncle Wiggly," quacked Grandfather Goosey. "I'm going to begin shelling my corn now, and you may help me."

So the bunny rabbit gentleman and the goose gentleman went to the field where the corn had grown, and, sitting down on a pile of cornstalks, they began husking the ears and also shelling off the kernels.

To husk corn, you know, you pull off the long, thin leaves on the outside of the cob. These leaves, or husks, which are green in summer and which dry out in the fall and winter until they are almost white, keep the corn kernels clean. After the corn was husked, Uncle Wiggly and Grandfather Goosey began shelling it off the cobs.

To do that, Uncle Wiggly rubbed an ear of corn in each paw and rubbed them together as hard as he could, rubbed the corn ears together. I mean, not his paws. And cut rattled the loosened yellow kernels into a bucket.

"Oh, I'll have a fine lot of corn for this winter," quacked Grandfather Goosey as he, too, shelled the corn. The empty cobs were tossed to one side, making quite a pile in the field, and when Sammie and Susie, the two little rabbit children, came scampering along and saw the pile of clean cobs, Sammie cried:

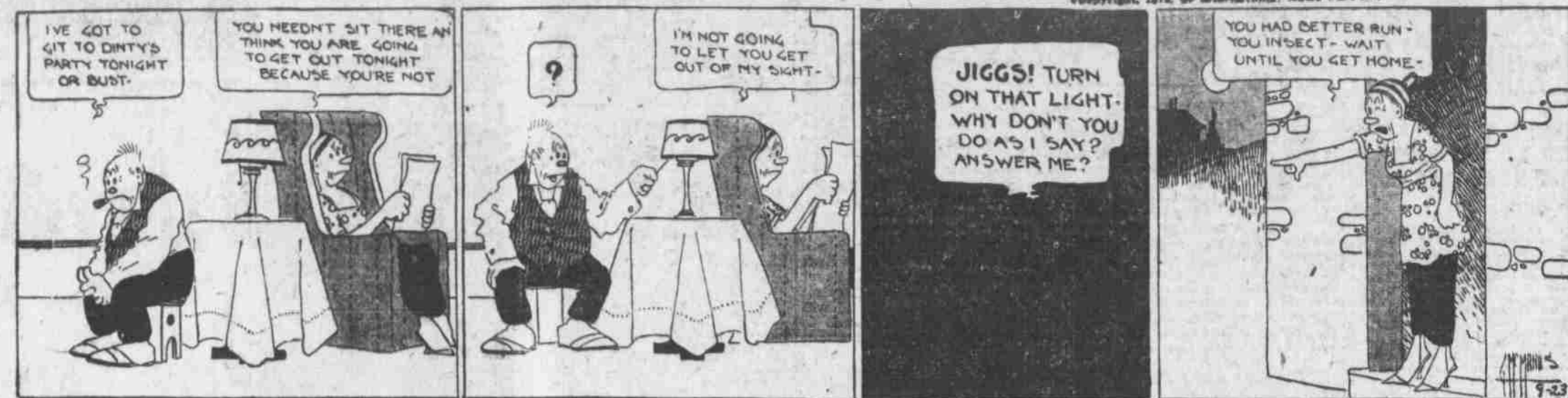
"Oh, Uncle Wiggly, may Susie and I play with them?"

"Yes," answered the bunny rabbit gentleman, "you may." And Grandfather Goosey said the same thing.

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus

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LITTLE MARY MIXUP—They All Talk That Way "Before"



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Don't Blame the Kids for Being Disappointed



JOE'S CAR—Joe's Thoughts—"Gee, I Wish This Was That Dream"



THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

DOWN ON A roof.
THAT I can see
FROM A tenth floor window
OF THE Pennsylvania.
A MAN came up
THROUGH THE door in the roof
WITH A basket of clothes.
AND SAT it down.
AND PICKED up something.
THAT LOOKED like a ball.
AND AS he shook
IT SHAPED itself.
TO A suit of rompers.
THAT COULDN'T have been
MORE THAN large enough
FOR A one-year-old.
AND HE hung it up.
ON THE roof clothes line.
AND REACHED down again
FOR ANOTHER ball.
AND SHOOK it out.
AND JUST the same size.
AND HE reached for a third.
AND SHOOK it out.
AND HUNG it up.
AND IT was a suit.
OF A larger size.
AND ALTOGETHER
HE TOOK out six.
AND THEY came in pairs.
FROM THE one-year-old.
TO WHAT I would guess
WAS A three-year-old.
AND THEN he reached down.

FOR A bigger ball
IT WAS a man's shirt
AND HE smoothed it out.
AND HUNG it up.
WITH THREE clothes pins.
AND SMOOTHED it some more.
AND TOOK out a pin.
AND TOOK out a wrinkle.
AND PUT the pin back.
AND THEN reached down.
FOR ANOTHER ball.
AND SHOOK it out.
AND WHATEVER it was.
IT WAS just plain white.
AND HE hung them up.
AND TOOK his basket.
AND WENT away.
THAT HE were blue pants.
AND WAS in his shirt sleeves.
AND ANYWAY.
JUST AN hour ago
HE CAME back again.
WITH THE very same basket.
AND ALL dressed up.
IN POLICEMAN'S clothes.
AND HE cleared the lines.
AND WENT down again.
AND THAT'S the story.
AND IT'S all there is to it.
I THANK you.

HOROSCOPE

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1919.

This is a threatening and uncertain day in planetary direction, according to astrologers. The sun is in mid-air, and the conjunction of Jupiter with Neptune falling in Leo just before the equinox is read as unfavorable for France and Italy.

Strange and secret crimes are indicated and hospitals will be over-crowded. Jupiter and Neptune will culminate in late autumn where there may be intrigue and plots against the government.

Mars, adverse today, seems to forecast discouragement for returned soldiers, but great benefits seem to be promised to them later, for they will win great influence in national affairs. During this configuration it is wise not to take any initiative or make important decisions.

Great opportunities, offered during reconstruction days, will bring rewards only if they are accepted in an unselfish spirit. The seers declare for they foretell the need of a "protracted patriotism."

The West is now subject to influences making for extraordinary activities. Leaders will rise in Chicago and San Francisco, who will affect political destinies.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of prosperity and changes that bring success.

Children born on this day come under the sway of Libra. They should be artistic and talented, kind, honorable and generous.

DWELLING HOUSE BURNS.

NEWBORN, Tenn., Sept. 22. (Sp.)—The dwelling of Land Featherston, proprietor of the Maxwell Hotel here, was destroyed by fire near the railroad at 2 o'clock Sunday night. It is supposed that the building was set on fire by lightning. Mr. Featherston and family have been here several years ago. From Edgewood, a few miles east of Newborn, the loss was partly covered by insurance.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

Everybody agrees that yesterday is as dead as a door nail. It is to all practical purposes at the bottom of the sea and no amount of effort can salvage it.

But the trouble with most of us is that we can't let go of it. We are always smothering at bits of the wreckage and hugging them to our breasts as cherished treasures.

I was talking to a woman the other day who has, materially, great possessions. She doesn't have to bother about the rent or how the children are going to have proper food or clothes or shoes, for her own winter frock is coming from the wardrobe.

She is luxuriously housed and clothed and fed, free to come and go as she will. But her conversation had the beggar's whine all through it. She harped on one strain, "Never was sorrow like to my sorrow." Everything she said was tinged with grief.

Just one big, continual worry. After you listened to her for half an hour, thick dark clouds gathered about you. Your spirits fell until they touched zero. You felt as if you were out in a chilling rain in your best frock without an umbrella.

She told of all her own diseases and the diseases of her acquaintances. She reeled off tales of the base ingratitude of trusted friends. She harped on the disappointments and disillusionments of life. In speaking of certain persons whom she thought had wronged her, she said: "There's murder in my heart when I think of them. I hope they will suffer to the limit. I would be glad to see them die miserably and I would stretch out a helping hand." She criticized and condemned everyone whose name is mentioned. With every word she spoke she spelt malice and vinegar. She has made a collection of old grievances, old bitternesses, old mental wounds, old and mournful memories. Until she has crowded all glad and beautiful things off her shelves. She cher-

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.

Compiled by John G. Quinlan, the Sunshine Man.

"Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"—Matt. vii, 3.

ALLEGED WRITER OF BAD CHECKS ARRESTED

COLUMBUS, Miss., Sept. 22. (Sp.)—After writing quite a number of checks on the banks of Drew, Miss., and purchasing a quantity of dry goods from chasing a quantity of dry goods from the bank of Drew, Miss., a man claiming to have formerly lived at Cleveland and Indianapolis, has been arrested here on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

The man came here several days ago and has been making himself known as a real estate agent from the delta. It is said that he gave out several worthless checks on the bank of Drew. He is now in the county jail awaiting a hearing.

ARKANSAS SOLONS ARE TO HAVE BIG JOURNAL

CONWAY, Ark., Sept. 22. (Sp.)—The journal of the Arkansas house of representatives, being compiled by Chief Clerk J. B. Higgins, of this city, already has reached a total of 1,136 pages, and there is yet to follow the journal of the special sessions, the second of which was convened at the Rock today. When completed and published the journal will be a volume of considerable size.

Twice Told Tales

26 Years Ago

SEPTEMBER 23, 1893.

Dan Dooley, of the Memphis police force, has returned from a visit to the Cherokee strip. Indian lands recently opened up for settlement. He says he procured for his lot a valuable piece of land which he is holding at \$1,000.

MISSISSIPPI IS LOW.

HICKMAN, Ky., Sept. 22. (Sp.)—The Mississippi river is again at a very low stage and all river traffic is encountering trouble at the lowest places, which start about 20 miles below Hickman, the worst points being Point Pleasant, Morrison's towhead and Gayoso. Boats are having great difficulty in getting over these points, hitting many sand bars and grounding. A government dredge is being engaged trying to keep a channel out. But on account of exceedingly low stage, the dredge is very low in many places.

GOV. BLACK TO SPEAK.

HICKMAN, Ky., Sept. 22. (Sp.)—Gov. Black, of Kentucky, will speak here on Wednesday night and will speak in Fulton earlier in the day. If the weather is warm and pleasant he will speak in the railroad park but if cool and inclement will make his address at the courthouse.

News of Memphis

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GIRL WITH CLOTHES AFIRE DIES OF BURNS

LEXINGTON, Ky., Sept. 22. (Sp.)—Transformed to a living torch by her flaming clothes which caught first while she was alone at home preparing the Monday meal, 14-year-old Junia Black, of Haymond, Ky., ran from the house to the home of the nearest neighbor Sunday.

Persons at the house extinguished the flames and the girl was rushed to the hospital at Fleming, where she died. She is the daughter of Andrew Black, formerly of Rockwood, Tenn., and in addition to her parents is survived by several brothers and sisters.

News of Memphis

10 Years Ago.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1909.

More than 200 persons were killed and millions of property destroyed in the recent Gulf storm which swept over the coast of Louisiana and Mississippi, according to reports from New Orleans.

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